I meane the Earle of Wiltshire, *Bushy*, *Greene*,
Ser. What are they dead?
Gard. They are,
And *Bullingbrooke* hath seiz'd the wastefull King.
What pitty is it, that he hath not trim'd
And dreft his Land, as we this Garden, at time of yeare;
And wound the Barke, the skin of our Fruite-trees,
Leaft being over-proud with Sap and Blood,
With too much riches it confound it felfe?
Had he done fo, to great and growing men,
They might have liv'd to beare, and he to taſte
Their fruits of duty. All ſuperfluous branches
We lop away, that bearing boughes may live:
Had he done ſo, himſelfe had borne the Crowne,
Which waſte and idle houres, hath quite throwne downe.
Ser. VVhat thinke you the King ſhall be depos'd?
Gard. Depreſt he is already, and depos'd
'Tis doubted he will be. Letters came laſt night
To a deare friend of the Duke of *Yorke*,
That tell blacke tidings.
Qu. Oh I am preſt to death, through want of ſpeaking:
Thou old *Adams* likeneſſe, ſet to dreſſe this Garden:
How dares thy harſh tongue ſound this unpleaſing (newes?
What *Eve*, what ſerpent hath ſuggeſted thee,
To make a ſecond fall of curſed man?
Why do'ſt thou ſay King *Richard* is depos'd?
Dar'ſt thou, (thou little better thing then earth)
Divine his downefall? Say where, when, and how
Cam'ſt thou by this ill tydings? Speake thou wretch.
Gard. Pardon me Madam. Little joy have I
To breath theſe newes; yet what I ſay, is true;
King *Richard*, he is in the mighty hold
Of *Bullingbrooke*, their fortunes both are weigh'd:
In your Lords Scale, is nothing but himſelfe,
And ſome few vanities, that make him light:
But in the Ballance of great *Bullingbrooke*,
Beſides himſelfe, are all the Engliſh Peeres,
And with that oddes he weighes King *Richard* downe.

Poſt

Poſt you to London, and you
I ſpeake no more, then every o
Qu. Nimble miſchance, that
Doth not thy Embaſſage belo
And am I laſt that know it?
To ſerue me laſt, that I may
Thy ſorrow in my breaſt. C
To meet at London, Londons
What, was I borne to this? tha
Should grace the Triumph of
Gard'ner, for telling me this n
I would the Plants thou graft'
Gard. Poore Queene, ſo th
I would my skill were ſubiect t
Here did ſhe drop a teare, here
Ile ſet a Banke of Rew, (ſowre H
Rue, ev'n for ruth, here ſhortly
In the remembrance of a weepi

Actus Quartus, S

Enter as to the Parliament, Bul
thumberland, Percy, Fitz-Water
of Weſtminſter. Herauld, O

Bul. Call forth *Bagot*.
Now *Bagot*, freely ſpeake thy m
VVhat thou doſt know of Nobl
VVho wrought it with the King
The bloody Office of his timele
Bag. Then ſet before my face
Bul. Coſin, ſtand forth and loo
Bag. My Lord *Aumerle*, I kn
Scornes to unſay what it hath on
In that dead time, when *Gloſters*

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard II* (STC 22313) LONDON, 1634 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.45)